

IF YOU WANT NOTHING,
Don't Read This Column.

Half of this column belongs to R. L. Newsum, and when paid for it gives him a considerable paid up interest in the Breckenridge News, and if customers don't like him as freely as on former advertisements, no doubt he will be able to pay for it.

Let us introduce the subject by asking a few leading questions:

DO YOU WANT MONEY?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT COLLECTIONS MADE?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT TO SELL A CASH NOTE?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT TO RENT PROPERTY?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

WHO HAS MORE THAN TWENTY HOUSES AND FARMS PLACED IN HIS HANDS TO SELL AND RENT?

R. L. NEWSUM.

WHY? Because he makes his renters willing to pay and always collects and accounts for the rent money, and charges only a reasonable commission for his services, and parties having property to rent find they make more clear money than to rent out their own property.

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT AN ACCOMMODATION BY PAYING FOR IT?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT TO BE ACCOMMODATED WITHOUT PAYING FOR IT?

CALL ON SOMEBODY ELSE.

DO YOU WANT A BUILDING LOT?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT A FULL-RIGGED HORSE TEAM, HARNESS AND WAGON?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT LATHS OR BRICKS?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

TWO OR THREE DWELLING HOUSES TO RENT.

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT HANCOCK COAL FROM ONE WAGON LOAD TO FIVE TONS.

AND BUSHES?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

Do you want to buy or rent the Charles Mattingly Farm, 5 miles south of Cloverport?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING BOUGHT OR SOLD?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

DO YOU WANT A NEW WAGON?

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

Do you want a pension? I am authorized by the Pension Bureau to practice before that department.

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

If two young gentlemen want a nice bed room, fully furnished, and in a very suitable place,

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

Do you want a Gun of any description? I am prepared to have Rifle Guns made to order. Also have arrangements for ordering Shot Guns to suit parties, at prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$75.00.

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

PRICE OF COAL SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

TWO YOKES OF OXEN FOR SALE.

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

Remember you can get almost anything you want for the money, and sometimes without it, depending on the humor you catch me in.

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

I am agent for one of the best Shingle Factories on the Ohio River. If you want good Shingles, call on R. L. NEWSUM.

CALL ON R. L. NEWSUM.

IF YOU WANT NONE OF THESE THINGS YOU ARE HAPPY.

R. L. NEWSUM.

SOLDIERS HAVING SERVED IN THE Mexican, Creek, Seminole and Black Hawk wars, will do well by registering their names with

R. L. NEWSUM.

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THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. VIII.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1884.

NO. 30.

Written for The Breckenridge News.

A FOND ADIEU.

BY J. W. M.

Adieu! adieu! dear scenes of childhood,

Where bloomed the roses long ago;

Where oft I wandered through the wildwood,

And plucked the flowers that brightly grew.

Along the banks of old Rough River,

Or Rock Lick's smooth and placid bow;

Thoughtless then, as childhood ever,

That e'er my heart a pang would know.

Light my step, nor thought I ever

That life would prove a dreary sea;

Not dreaming e'er that fate might sever

Friendship's ties so dear to me.

Friendship, yes; for in my boyhood

Knewest thou, as a true reward,

If gratitude in heart of childhood

Could e'er repay true kindness shared.

Forget them? No, I will not ever,

Friends who aided long ago

With books a struggling boy, who never

Could to a teacher's parent go.

And seek the aid he so much needed,

From a willing hand to share,

For such demands could not be heeded

By those who had no aims to spare.

Years have come and since departed,

And so have those I loved so well;

Like autumn leaves brown and blighted

Drooping in the woodland dell.

She that I loved with youthful ardor,

When life had not its sombre hue,

Has passed beyond the turbid river,

And bade me a long adieu.

And other friends have gone before her,

Yes, a mother went before,

And there, in bonds of sweet reunion,

And waited on the other shore.

But why repine, or droop in sorrow?

One by one, they drop from view;

Living to-day, they die to-morrow,

And fade from earth like morning dew.

To live again in sweet communion

With the friends that were before,

And there, in bonds of sweet reunion,

Sing his praises evermore.

Adieu! dear scenes of early childhood;

Adieu! those friends I loved of yore;

Adieu! ye roses of the wildwood;

I will love thee some more.

Until we meet beyond the river,

When we meet beyond the river,

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When we meet beyond the river,

When we meet beyond the river,

sixty corpses waiting for recognition, a

sight to freeze one's blood.

Kathleen left her, and walked wearily to

that side street, a narrow, shabby street,

doors and windows were all closed; most of

the houses had an evil aspect. There was

no one standing about whom she could

question.

A few paces from the corner of the street

at the foot of a lamp-post, she saw the spot

where the victim had fallen. A pool of

blood had stained the summer dust. It

was dry now, but she could see how the

corpses had lain in blood and mire. The

figure had printed its outline on the ground

There was no other trace of the massacre

about. One victim, and one only, had tall

en here.

She knelt beside that awful stain; she

watered it with her passionate tears, the

first she had shed throughout her pilgrimage

of two-and-twenty hours. The church

clocks were striking four. Yesterday

morning at six she had left the Rue Git le

Coeur. And now she had come to the end

of her journey; she had found her resting-

place. She knelt alone, unnoticed, with

her hands clasped over her face, praying,

first for her beloved, for the repose of his

soul; then followed a prayer less pure, less

Christian, for revenge upon his murderer,

the destroyer of her happiness.

Who was the murderer? Not the blind,

mad mob, not even the devilish woman,

the petroleuse, lashed into crime and murder

by the scourges of insurgent tyrants.

Serizier, the man in authority, the wretch

who brought all those good fathers from

their peaceful seclusion to the jail and the

shambles. It was Serizier of whom she

thought when she prayed for vengeance.

"Let it come, O Lord; long or late, let

thy thunder come and strike him as he

struck them! Let this hour of vengeance

be sure and swift! Lo, here, looking up to

thee, I swear never to know rest or respite

till I have tracked him to his doom!"

When she had exhausted her passion in

prayer, she calmed herself, and began to

think.

She was tired to the point of being faint

to cast herself down upon the dusty road,

and to lie there till sleep or death came

to give her rest from the fever of her brain

and the dull aching of her bones. But she

struggled heroically against this overpower-

ing lassitude, and went back to the boulevard,

and loomed on till she came to a

workman's cafe that opened early for the

accommodation of the neighborhood. Here

she entered, and seated herself at a table

near the door.

She ordered some coffee, and the waiter

brought her a roll and butter. She had

eaten nothing except one piece of bread

since she had left home. The coffee and

the food revived her, and she was able to

look about her, and listen to the eager

voices of the blues and soldiers, as they

sat eating and talking, smoking, drinking

all at once, as it seemed to her, with their

elbows on the table, seen indistinctly in a

cloud of tobacco.

Suddenly some one mentioned a name

which riveted Kathleen's attention to the

next table. The name was Serizier. They

were discussing the delegate of the 13th

arrondissement, the commander of the 101st

battalion.

"They say that he has decamped, this

good Serizier, the hero of our battles,"

said one of the men.

"It was time," answered a soldier; "our

cavalry were at the end of the street when

he took to his heels. They have been

hunting for him ever since, but the rat has

run into some hole where he is not easily

opening flower. His breath was sweeter

than summer roses.

Durand was lying down on a mattress

spread upon the floor of the tiny kitchen.

He had taken his turn at the barricade last

night, and had received a bullet in the

fleshy part of his arm. He was feverish

with the pain of his wound, devoured by

perpetual thirst.

"You good soul, what would become of

us without you?" he said, as he took a glass

of water from Maman Schubert's hand.

"How can we ever repay you?"

"My friend, do you think I need any

payment? What has a lonely old woman

with a small annuity to do in this world

except care for her neighbors? And Rose

and Kathleen are to me as my own daugh-

ters. Did I not see them when they first

entered Paris, footsore and dusty, but so

gentle and so pretty in their weariness?

Was I not the first to welcome them to this

great city, which is now the city of

death? Heaven help us! Life still, and

keep your mind tranquil, my friend, and as

soon as I have given baby his bath—how

he loves the water, the dear innocent—I

will come and put a fresh dressing on that

poor arm."

Madame Schubert was surgeon, nurse,

intermediary between the sick room and

the outer world—everything, to the Durand

household in their affliction.